

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 20.

Boston, October, 1887.

No. 5.



THE BIRTH PLACE OF LOUIS AGASSIZ, AT MOTIER, ON THE LAKE OF MORAT, SWITZERLAND.
BORN MAY 28, 1807.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

There has stood for many years in a prominent position in our principal office a splendid bust of *Louis Agassiz*, the greatest scientist we ever had on this continent, a man of profound religious convictions, and who firmly believed, as he declares, *that there is a future life in some form for animals as well as men*.

We have had recently come to our table from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., his life and correspondence, a work in two volumes of intense interest, written by his wife, Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. We think we do our

readers a kindness in giving them in this number of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., three of the cuts we find in these volumes: *His birthplace, his portrait at the age of 55, and the so-called Hotel Des Neuchatelois*, where he did much of his work on the Alpine Glaciers. We should say of these volumes that they grow in interest as the reader advances, as the little brook becomes the broad river. We think no well appointed library or student of natural history can afford to be without them, and that to all intelligent readers they will bring new and noble thoughts of this world of ours, and its great creator.

We have not space for quotations, in fact should hardly know where to begin or end, and cannot better close this brief notice than in the words of the last sentences of the second volume: "He lies buried at Mount Auburn. The boulder that makes his monument came from the glacier of the Aar, not far from the spot where his hut once stood; and the pine trees which are fast growing up to shelter it were sent by loving hands from his old home in Switzerland. The land of his birth and the land of his adoption are united at his grave."

G. T. A.

THE ERROR OF ONE MOMENT BECOMES THE SORROW OF A WHOLE LIFETIME.



L. Agassiz

LOUIS AGASSIZ AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE.
HIS FATHER, A CLERGYMAN. HIS MOTHER,
THE DAUGHTER OF A PHYSICIAN.

OUR CONSTITUENTS.

It is estimated that *man is only one out of about three hundred and twenty thousand different kinds of living creatures, and yet there are in Boston alone, one hundred and thirty-four (134) societies supported by private benevolence, for the protection of men, while in all Massachusetts there is but one (1) for the protection of the innumerable millions of God's lower creatures, and the education of men, women and children, to properly care for and protect them.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

"WHAT A BOSTON GIRL DID."

WESTFIELD, MASS., Sept. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I witnessed the following incident when in Boston, and thought it might be of interest enough to put in "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Very truly yours,
R. C. HITCHCOCK.

I was walking down the avenue near the Providence depot, when I saw a couple of little ragged "gamins" run up the embankment, pulling after them a miserable kitten by a string tied around its neck.

I started in pursuit, but it was a "stern chase," and the probabilities that at least one of the "nine lives" would be choked out of the poor victim before I could get to the rescue. But kind Providence was looking out for the cat. As they neared the corner of the station a lady, well dressed and of dignified carriage, turned the corner. A glance, and she took in the situation; *she formed herself into a well organized S. P. C. A. on the spot, and, dropping her parasol, she seized the two young Neros with a vigor which astonished them, and the way their two heads came together, and the shake they got, would have done the editor of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" good to see.* A few forcible words of advice, a push, and they were off, sadder and perhaps wiser.

The lady picked up her parasol, then looked at the poor little parcel of fur covered bones. Here was a dilemma. If the case had been my own I would have been entirely at a loss. A starved cat is hardly a piece of portable property to be coveted. But the champion was no half rescuer. She stooped—the poor bedabbled wretch was divested of his torturing string and taken in her arms. She walked away, the rose of indignation still blooming on her cheek, but dignity restored. I could only doff my hat and say, "Thank you," as I met her, wishing in my heart that every persecuted brute *might find a true-hearted Boston girl as a defender.*

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?"
"Yes, but I don't think he can read it, sir."
"Why not, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I war in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was, sir, and it war on my head all the time."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"My wife," said Fred the other day, "always flatters me in cold weather."

"How is that?"

"Why, whenever she wants more coal put on the fire she points to the fire-place and says, 'Frederick the Grate.'

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A TRUE STORY.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my creatures ye did it also unto me."

ONLY A DOG.

Oh, how tired he was, the poor dog!

Day was waning. Up and down Tremont street, throngs of people, all busied with themselves, all careless of the poor creature who lagged and stumbled, and at last dropped down at their feet just where he was sure to be most in the way of those who were coming up Temple place, as well as of those who were on the broader pavement of Tremont street.

On they went, these hustling people, swaying aside in two varying currents as they found that some one must yield the way and that the dog would not.

And there he crouched till one came who was as hurried as the swiftest walker there: but who stopped instantly to respond to the silent appeal for sympathy.

She stroked his poor head until the dim eyes were raised to her and then she tried to coax him to get up and go with her to the office of the S. P. C. A., on Milk street, where he could be housed and sheltered.

Ah no! He was spent. Perhaps he did not believe in anybody just then. Had he not run hither and yon in search of some last friend and been repulsed, and bidden to "get on," and heard only strange voices when he craved a loving tone, until he was too cowered to ask more? He would not commune with her. No. He was so tired.

She, who always thinks of a wise expedient, did not tarry longer but went straightway to Dooling's dainty restaurant and walking up to the counter asked for a saucer of raw meat.

This was quite amazing to the attendants of a man who does not cater for ghouls nor cannibals: so all traditional store manners were not equal to the strain and the girl said: "What do you want raw meat for?"

"There is such a tired dog out on the corner. I can't make him get up. Of course I must not leave him out there all night. If I can get him to eat something, perhaps he will go with me then down to the Dumb Animal Society, where his owner may find him."

The girl gave the very unusual order through the speaking tube for a saucer of raw meat cut up fine. When it came up, she passed it over the counter to the lady, whose purse was open. "We don't take pay for such service," she said smilingly. The lady knew the kindly will that prompted this and took the saucer without another word.

Bit by bit, the hungry dog ate what she brought and then laid his head down again: no persuasion could move him to any action.

Finding herself powerless, away hied the gentle lady down to the Society rooms, in Milk street, and asked them to send up for the dog.

The gentleman sitting in the office, said: "Will you take the dog home with you for this night?"

"I should have done that without coming here," she answered, "but we have five cats in our house and there is no room for the dog."

"Can't it be done for one night?" he urged. "Our man has gone to the home in Brighton: he will not come in again until to-morrow morning. If you can only keep the animal this one night, I will telephone for a cab which shall carry you to the place where the dog is and take you both to your house, at our expense. In the

morning we will send for him and try to find his master."

"As this seems to be the only way, of course I must do it," the lady replied. But while she was speaking, there were sounds in the hall, and some one spoke of a stray dog. The gentleman sprang up, with, "I should not wonder if that were your dog." Even as he spoke, a gentleman came slowly in, half leading, half carrying the very creature for whom she had been pleading.

He, too, had stopped as he was running "to catch his train," and, unwilling to leave the dog, with a more persuasive force than the tender lady could use had brought it with him.

Satisfied with getting it into such humane care, the gentle lady sped away; and sometimes she says to her friends: "I wonder who owned that dog, and if he has got it yet?"

E. W. L.

In the multitude of similar cases, our Secretary cannot remember whether this particular dog was sent to the Brighton Home, or his master found.—[EDITOR.]

[For our Dumb Animals.]

A BIRD COURT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE B. BUELL, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL

W. C. T. U.

A few years ago, when living in New York City, I saw a very curious and amusing incident.

One morning in early spring I was dressing in my room. The upper sash of the window was pushed entirely down, so I could easily look over it out into the boughs of a large maple tree which stood in front of the house.

As I was moving about the room I heard a loud twittering in the tree outside, and as it grew louder and seemed so unusual I went to the window and looked out. The leaves on the tree were just coming out, and on one of the limbs, all in a row, sat ten or a dozen little English sparrows, while on a little twig just in front and facing them sat another; and while the rest twittered and bobbed their little heads at one another, he sat quiet and looked as if he had lost every friend in the world.

The twittering did not stop for an instant, but continued several minutes, when suddenly one of the little birds in the row flew up and over to the twig where sat the forlorn looking sparrow, and taking him by the topknot shook him with all his might, then let him go, and all flew away.

I never saw anything like it before, but I know the little English sparrows of which we now have so many, are very bright, and I have no doubt that the little fellow who looked so sad and forlorn had done something wrong, had disobeyed some bird law, and this was a bird court and a trial, and the little bird that shook the other so roughly was empowered by the court to administer the sentence it had pronounced on the offender.

If we watched the birds more, and studied their habits, we would learn some very curious and interesting facts.

TRUE glory consists in doing *what deserves to be written*, in writing *what deserves to be read*, and *in so living as to make the world happier and better*. —Pliny.

Do not speak of your happiness to those less fortunate than yourself. —Plutarch.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy, —how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost. "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the Parent American Band of Mercy*, and a *Band of Mercy member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost*, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

"LOYAL LEGIONS."

Each "Loyal Legion" in the United States can organize its members—or as many as care to join—as a "Band of Mercy" and branch of our "Parent American Band of Mercy," from which have been formed already over five thousand and seven hundred branches in the United States, with probably over 400,000 members, by simply sending to me their signatures, either signed, or authorized to be signed to this pledge:

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage. [When preferred, the word *harmless* can be crossed out.]

Also the name of the "Band" and of its President. If the Band numbers thirty or more, it will receive without charge, sent to its President's P. O. address:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Information.*

3d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.*

4th, *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

5th, *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of the "Loyal Legions" may be Presidents of the "Bands of Mercy," and the name may be "Loyal Legion Band of Mercy," or other name, as preferred.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,
and of the Parent American
Band of Mercy.

19 Milk Street, Boston.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Formed by Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

5708. Ridge Prairie, Mo.
P., Becca Crites.

5709. Bernardston, Mass.
South St. C. P. C. A. Band.
P., Tressa M. Hale.
V. P., Jesse S. Peters.
S., Nellie L. Burrows.
T., Irwin B. Hale.

5710. Westford, Mass.
P., Rev. Edw. B. Maglathlin.

5711. Beaver Centre, Pa.
Purest Pearls Band.
P., Eva W. Bentley.
S., Bertha Cleland.
T., Linda McMillen.

5712. McAlester, Indian T.
P., Rev. John N. Killian.

5713. Sonoma, Cal.
The Good Samaritan Band.
P., Charles Spencer.
S., Mrs. McHarvey.

5714. Sonoma, Cal.
The Christly Band.
P., Rev. H. H. Wikoff.
S., Blanche Glaister.

5715. Santa Rosa, Cal.
The Faithful Worker's Band.
P. & S., M. Callie Brooke.

5716. Stow, Mass.
P., Rev. J. S. Moulton.

5717. So. St. Louis, Mo.
Loyal Temperance Union
Band.
P. —

S., Ida M. Swart.

5718. Montville, Mass.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Mrs. Minnie J. Merrill.
V. P., Mardie L. Claflin.
S., Ella E. Merrill.

5719. Herndon, Mo.
P., Robt. W. Williams.

5720. Santa Rosa, Cal.
I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. Ella Combs.

5721. Christian S. S. Band.
P., Mrs. C. S. Hurley.

5722. Seiman M. E. S. Sch. Band.
P., J. G. Letold.

5723. Ridge Prairie, Mo.
Violet Band.
P., Jennie Walker.

5724. Daisy Band.
P., Johnnie Walker.

5725. Eliot, Me.
Band of Kindness.
P., Harry Coffin.
S., Wallace E. Dixon.

5726. Concord, Minn.
No. 1 Band.
P., Harriet L. Currier.

5727. No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. C. P. Gibson.

5728. No. 3 Band.
P. —

5729. No. 4 Band.
P. —

5730. No. 5 Band.
P. —

5731. New Orleans, La.
J. H. Norwood Band.
P., Mrs. H. Jefferson.

5732. New Orleans, La.
Wm. Taylor Band.
P., Rev. Wm. Taylor.

5733. Santa Rosa, Cal.
Episcopal Church S. S.
P., F. H. Swett.

5734. Townville, Pa.
P., Amy E. Brown.

5735. St. Albans, Vt.
St. Luke's Sunday-school.
P., Mrs. Sarah A. Watson.
S., Louisa Brainerd.
T., Ernest Lewis.

5736. Pittsfield, Mass.
Christian's Duty Band.
P., Edmund C. Parry.

5737. Athens, Ga.
Morning Star Band.
P., W. N. Reynolds.

5738. New Orleans, La.
Reed Band.
P. —

5739. Hardwick, Mass.
Little Pilgrims Band.
P., Ella M. Toon.
S., Jennie L. Russell.

5740. Canton, Ohio.
P., Alverta Bressler.
V. P., Charles French.
S., Blanch Stevenson.
T., Blanch Brenneman.

5741. Osceola, Iowa.
Pansy Band.
P., Roy Bates.
V. P., Paul McIntire.
S., Iva Harrison.

5742. West Derby, Vt.
P., Victoria L. Ives.

5743. Luray, Va.
P., Miss M. Davis.

Whitefield, the eloquent English preacher and father of the sect of Calvinistic Methodists, was in youth the stable-boy of an English inn.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1887.

PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS.

The September Directors' meeting was held on Wednesday, the 21st. President Angell reported legacies from Miss Dorothea L. Dix, the philanthropist, and Mrs. J. R. Vincent, of the Boston Museum.

Space has been generously granted by the management of the Mechanics' Fair for the distribution of the Society's humane publications, and to hang a picture, ten feet by six, illustrating Longfellow's poem of the starving horse ringing "the bell of justice."

Three prosecutions had been made for docking the tails of horses, resulting in each case in a fine of \$50 and costs.

In one prosecuted case a teamster who twice knocked down a horse with a heavy cart stake, was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

The monthly report shows 193 complaints of cruelty investigated by office agents, 32 horses taken from work, and 66 animals mercifully killed. There are 5743 branches of the Society's Parent Band of Mercy in the United States and Canada.

Plans were presented to largely increase the Society's work the coming year.

MOUNT WACHUSETT, PRINCETON,
MASS.

We have put up at the foot of the road to the top of Wachusett a sign,

Please to uncheck your Horses going up this hill.

M. S. P. C. A.

As thousands of horses climb this mountain every year, we hope much good may result from this sign.

OUR BOSTON TRIENNIAL MECHANICS FAIR

opened September 27th, and is to continue until November 12th. We have been fortunate, we think, in securing for our exhibit the very best place in the vast building, where just back of the music stand and in plain sight of visitors, we have hung our large painting, ten feet by six, "The Old Horse Ringing the Bell of Justice," the same that was hung over "The Humane Department" at the New Orleans International Exposition. At our table underneath some of our publications are given away, and some sold at a price simply intended to prevent waste — one and two cents each.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

The annual report of the Calcutta S. P. C. A. for 1886, just received, shows for the year 7,126 prosecutions, 7,942 convictions, by far the largest number obtained by any society in the world.

TO THE PRESS.

In addition to the copies of "Our Dumb Animals" which we send with marked articles each month to sixteen hundred Editors in the United States and Territories, we send this number with marked articles to the editors of every paper in all States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, and south of the Ohio and Potomac.

If our Missionary Fund grows as we hope and shall try to have it, we want to send "Our Dumb Animals" regularly to every clergyman and teacher in all those States and Territories where there are no societies for the protection of animals,—or societies only in name,—with a view to having them use what we thus freely and gratuitously send, as supplementary reading in their schools and Sunday-schools, as now being used in schools of Boston and Massachusetts.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Everybody who reads this article will be pleased to know that this distinguished lady who, when at home, acts in her own town of Melrose as the President of the largest juvenile temperance organization in Massachusetts, has kindly invited us to aid her on October 15th, in making this great organization also a *Band of Mercy*.

THREE B'S.

In our September number we quoted what twenty-six papers in the United States had recently said about "Our Dumb Animals." We now quote from three Boston papers whose names begin with (B) and believe we will add also five others whose names do not begin with (B).

"It is a pleasure to call attention to "Our Dumb Animals." It is suitable for children and adults, the home and the Sunday-School, and deserves hearty support." —The Beacon, Boston.

"Our Dumb Animals." This delightful little monthly which has done and is doing such noble work in behalf of our dumb friends is worthy of all praise and deserves the widest possible constituency of readers. It should find a place in every reading-room and every home in the country, for it will prove a most potent Educator." —Boston Budget.

"It would be well if this welcome visitor to our table was read in all homes." —Bostonian.

"Full of entertaining reading." —Boston Pilot.

"Excellent monthly, always readable, and its anecdotes and stories always point a wholesome moral." —Boston Times.

"A wide distribution cannot fail to work a world of practical service. The illustrations are plentiful and the reading matter irresistably effective." —Massachusetts Ploughman.

"Our Dumb Animals" is full of interest to young people." —New England Farmer.

"Its attractive pictures catch the eye and its short pathetic stories touch the hearts of readers, young and old." —Zion's Herald, Boston.

The man who tells me an indelicate story does me an injury. —J. T. FIELDS.

How is it when the newspapers tell indelicate stories? —[EDITOR.]

A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

On February 19th last, a grand union mass meeting was held of the Bands of Mercy in St. John's, New Brunswick. By request, we sent the following telegram to the meeting:—

"On behalf of the Parent Band of Mercy of America, which numbers this morning (5,508) branches, accept our congratulations and wishes for the time."

When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

G. T. ANGELL, President.
S. E. SAWYER, Vice-President,

We now read in a Brighton, England, publication that we "sent this telegram to the Queen, and that the Queen sent back a reply which was received with enthusiastic cheers."

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

OUR BOUND VOLUMES.

From various letters relating to the bound volumes of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," which we have placed this summer in our leading seashore and mountain hotels and steamers, we give an extract written by one of the most influential ladies of Philadelphia.

THE GRAND HOTEL, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS,

August 20, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I am reminded of how widely the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. extends its good work by finding here in the reading and writing room the bound volume of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS." I was of course surprised at meeting my old friend up in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. It is always lying on the table except when some one is reading it — persons do read it, and now a lad is sitting opposite me with the book spread open before him, and he is reading it with great attention. This copy you may feel sure is well placed. At hotels there are so few books, except those carried by owners, that one on a subject of such general interest is a prize.

LURAY, VIRGINIA.

We publish the following simply as a specimen of a thousand letters we have received and are receiving, and because it is short:

LURAY, VIRGINIA, Sept. 17, 1887.

GEO. T. ANGELL, ESQ.:

Your heart will be gladdened to hear of the enthusiasm among the children of Luray that has been aroused in the interest of the Band of Mercy. In two days during the usual recesses sixty-one boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen came to Room No. 3 of the Luray Graded School, and signed the pledge forming themselves into a Band of Mercy. I do not think I have ever before known such lively interest kindled among children upon any subject. Our town has a large colored school in which I hope to see a band formed.

Enclosed find money for badges.

MISS M. DAVIS,
Luray, Page County, Va.

ONE OF OUR GOOD LETTERS.

QUINCY, ILL., SEPT. 5, 1887.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir: — You will find enclosed draft for twenty-five dollars to pay for 100 copies of "Our Dumb Animals" for one year to be distributed in our public schools.

C. B., JR.

ON THE PLAINS—800,000.

We take the following from the *New York Witness* of Sept. 7th, quoted from the *New York Times* :—

CRUELTY ON THE PLAINS.—The enormous losses in the ranch cattle industry since last Fall direct attention to the barbarous and inhuman way in which that industry is carried on. *In Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho alone 800,000 cattle starved or were frozen to death last Winter.* The "Winter loss" in parts of Montana was 90 per cent. Throughout Wyoming it was 50 per cent. Calves were the first to die. And this is so because the ranchman usually makes no provision for feeding or sheltering his herds in Winter. The owner of 10,000 cattle may have not one shed to shield his animals from the killing winds and blinding snow storms—not one bushel of corn, not one ton of hay for their sustenance when the thin grass is covered with ice. In the warmer seasons the cattle are able to look out for themselves, but in the Winter the ranchman trusts to luck and never knows until Spring how many of his unfortunate animals have survived.

If every word that has ever been written against human slavery were true, it would not make a hundredth part of the cruelty inflicted by ranchmen upon their dumb beasts on our western plains.

The bones of 800,000 starved and frozen to death last Winter now lie bleaching there and perhaps calling to God for vengeance.

If this business is to go on will not some great pestilence, or other curse, come upon this nation for permitting it?

We are glad to give, without pecuniary compensation, our time, week days and Sundays, to the work of preventing cruelty—and we are glad to give such money as we can afford, but we do hope that human hearts may be stirred to add to our *misionary fund*, so that we can do effective work in stopping these stupendous wrongs.

We find no fault with the giving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to convert the heathen abroad, but we do need a few thousands to convert the heathen at home.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOROTHEA L. DIX.

We are glad to announce that this eminent christian philanthropist, whose name is dear to her countrymen and women, left by her will \$500 to our Massachusetts Society P. C. A. for a special purpose, about which she has at various times talked and corresponded with us. This act of Miss Dix well corresponds with the words of Rev. Dr. Hedge, before published: "I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day." etc., etc., and those other words of Frances E. Willard: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one. Not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ." A notice of Miss Dix will be found in another column.

A WISE man forgets old grudges

HOW MANY PAPERS DO YOU PRINT?

We take no advertisements, and so the name and circulation of this paper do not appear in the books published by our advertising agents, and so the above question is often asked.

We answer, of its first number we printed 200,000. We are now printing from 10,000 to 30,000 each month. *We want the means to print half a million. We want to send it every month to every clergyman, every teacher, and every Sunday-school teacher in America*, and we want a *Missionary Fund* to do it.

We have no doubt that some of our readers think we are a most persistent beggar. Some years ago when we were speaking under the great Methodist tent at Martha's Vineyard, and our good wife was seated away back in one of the remote seats to signal if we were not heard, two men came along, and one said to the other, "What's going on here?" "Oh!" said the other, after listening a minute, "It's only a dumb animal beggar." He was right, "a dumb animal beggar." Not one penny of the money given to our society has ever come into the pocket of the editor of this paper, and not one penny given to our *Missionary Fund* goes to pay salary or travelling expenses of anybody. It all goes, most economically, right into the work of converting those who abuse or may hereafter abuse dumb animals.

We are "a dumb animal beggar." We only wish we could get thousands where we get ones, fives and tens.

We do not mean, if we can help it, to hear at the day of judgment any such words as these: "You were commissioned to speak and write for my dumb creatures that cannot speak for themselves, and you remained silent."

G. T. A.

THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE,

commenting upon the letter received by us from Frances E. Willard in which she wrote: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ," very properly adds:

This humane work, if done in the name of the Christ, joins in sanctity, and perhaps carries a deeper benediction. Yet it is *simply mercy* that knocks at the heart doors of Jew and Gentile. To be humane one need accept no creed but that of kindness, and to practice the lessons of mercy one need not become a Methodist, Episcopalian, Catholic, Deist, or Agnostic. It does not demand that you live after the strict rules of the Calvinist, or that you frown upon the pleasures of the world—it only requires that you cast down cruelty, that you ease the burden of the weak, that you dry the tears of the oppressed, that you record your name in shining deeds for mercy to man and beast.

To which we add:—

"The cattle on a thousand hills are his."

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." — [EDITOR.]

TO THE SIXTEEN HUNDRED.

We take no advertisements, but we believe that all of the other 1600 papers on our exchange list differ with us in this respect. For their consideration we reprint a notice we find in one of them.

We believe, through careful inquiry, that all advertisements in this paper are signed by trustworthy persons, and *we will make good to subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be swindlers.*

EXTRACT FROM LETTER RECENTLY RECEIVED.

Dear Sir:

Two "friends" desire to join me in becoming annual subscribers to your *Missionary Fund*, and please find enclosed our three subscriptions for this year of five dollars each. One of these "friends" says: "It is a shame that such a merciful work should be hindered for want of means," and we can but hope that among the readers of your valued paper there will be found many more who will echo this thought. When could we ever have a better opportunity than now when not only the field is ready, but the earnest and experienced workers are only waiting for the means.

G. K.

August 23, 1887.

THE N. W. C. T. U.

On the 19th of July, 1887, the Secretary of the State of Illinois issued articles of incorporation to a company at Chicago, to be known as "The Woman's Temperance Building Association." The building is intended to furnish headquarters for the National W. C. T. U., and to be a great office building, bringing in a rental of at least \$135,000 a year. Ground has been secured in the very centre of the city—on Dearborn street, opposite the post-office, with a frontage of 166 feet on Dearborn, 125 feet on Quincy, and 100 on Jackson street. *This noble structure will cost at the very lowest estimate \$600,000.*

We have several times spoken in these columns of The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which we hope to have the pleasure of addressing at Nashville, Tenn., next month, in regard to incorporating as part of their educational work all over the United States, our "Bands of Mercy." If this can be accomplished we shall be able to reach almost every town in America. G. T. A.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

It is said that 1,500,000 copies of Geo. W. Peck's "Bad Boy" have been sold. It will be fortunate if the influence of Peck's "Bad Boy" has not made about 6,000,000 bad boys. *What Canada thistles are to agriculture, this class of literature is to moral improvement.* — "The American."

What is the remedy? If we had a *Misionary Fund* large enough, we would soon put 1,500,000 copies of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* into the public schools of this country. — [EDITOR.]

THE gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

ROYAL SOCIETY P. C. A.—HEADQUARTERS, LONDON.

We have received from Mr. John Colam, Secretary, the 63d annual report of above society, with a fine picture of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, patron of the society, and who, the present year presented about 800 prizes awarded the school children of London for best compositions on kindness to animals. The report shows 4,201 convictions obtained in the courts during the year, receipts over \$100,000 and expenses over \$90,000.

CATHARINE SMITHIES.

It seems but a few years since we met in London that eminent Christian woman, Catharine Smithies, founder of the first Band of Mercy in the world. In looking over some old letters we came to this:

Earlham Grove, Wood Green,
London, Sept. 8, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I consider this one of the most important works of the present day, for what can be more demoralizing than cruelty to God's dumb creatures which cannot tell their woes, and by seeking to make cruel men kind we are preparing the way for the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Smithies has gone to her reward. A large oil painting of her kind face, presented by her son, Mr. T. B. Smithies, the eminent Christian publisher, of London, hangs in our office. He, too, has gone to his reward, also the devoted daughter and sister. All the happy family we met in London have passed from earth, but the great truth which she wrote is as true as ever, in seeking to make cruel men kind we are preparing the way for the Gospel which Christ came on earth to teach and preach.

DOROTHEA L. DIX.

who died recently at Trenton, New Jersey, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, was a woman who stands by the side of Florence Nightingale, "Sister Dora," and a few other noble characters who have devoted their lives and fortunes to the alleviation of suffering. She was born in Worcester, Mass. In early life she wrote several books, and also founded a school for girls in Boston. She was always interested in matters pertaining to the amelioration of the unfortunate of all classes, and for many years made a study of proper methods of treatment for the insane. She began her work for this class of unfortunate in Massachusetts, and extended it to other States, and through her efforts legislatures passed bills in the interest of this class of sufferers and made appropriations for the building of State institutions. When the late war broke out, her energies were turned in that direction, and in April, 1861 she commenced her war record by nursing the wounded by the mob at Baltimore, and in June of the same year she was appointed by the government Superintendent of the Female Nurses of the Union Armies and Hospitals of the United States, and retained the position throughout the war. After its close, she returned to her philanthropic care and work for the insane. She

visited Europe to investigate the best methods of treatment among the medical profession there, and for the last five years has devoted her time to the interests of the institution where she died suddenly of heart disease.

We have had various interesting letters from this distinguished lady—from one of the first of which we take the following:

TRENTON, N. J., June 21, 1876.

TO GEO. T. ANGELL:

A paper which has lately reached me referring to the present direction of your labors in the right education of children in ideas of duty to all living creatures, impels me to express thanks for your timely efforts in striking at the very root of a huge evil flourishing broadly in the midst of the highest civilization of modern times.

Wishing you unabated health for conducting your good work and long life for prolonged usefulness, I am with esteem and appreciation,

D. L. DIX.

It was certainly a great pleasure to us nearly twelve years ago, when our humane educational work was struggling for public approbation, to receive this encouraging letter.

As the city of New Orleans built a monument to "her Margaret," as described in the July number of this paper, so would it be eminently proper that the State of Massachusetts should erect a monument to the memory of Dorothea L. Dix. G. T. A.

MRS. J. R. VINCENT.

It will be gratifying to our friends and the friends of dumb animals to know that this good woman, recently deceased, who has been for fifty-three years a Boston actress, and during all that time maintained a character above reproach, has left to our Society a legacy of \$1,000, to be used in the protection of dumb animals from cruelty. To the countless thousands who have known and seen and been made happier by Mrs. Vincent, we can say nothing better than the following, taken from the sermon of Rev. Dr. Courtney, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, as reported in the *Boston Herald* of Sept. 12th.

"There has recently passed away suddenly from our midst," said the preacher, in closing, "one engaged in a profession, which, according to common opinion, is beset by many temptations. The one of whom I speak so conducted herself that she not only disarmed hostility and prejudice, but gained the regard and admiration of the general public and the respect and reverence—yes, I say reverence—of those whose privilege it was to know her with some degree of intimacy. Such a character it is an honor for any community to have possessed, and Boston was the richer that Mrs. Vincent lived, and is the poorer now that she is gone.

The native good sense, the warmth and geniality of her disposition, were all mellowed and rendered more attractive by her useful life: in the doctrines of the church she found strength in which to overcome the temptations of sin, and for the development of a character which was so beautiful in the eyes of those permitted to behold it. One of the last acts of her life was an endeavor to make Easter more joyful than it would otherwise have been. If only for the sad, the sorrowful, the tried, tempted and poor whom she comforted, helped, guided, counselled and clothed, may her example be well followed, not only by those in her profession, but by those outside its limits."

Good character is above all things else.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

We have received from Mr. Landon, Secretary, circulars that this association will meet at Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 19th, 20th, 21st. All "Humane Societies" for children, animals, and otherwise, whether state, city, or town, are invited to send nine delegates each. We hope the convention may act wisely, and that much good may result to both animals and humans.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Our attention is called by a good friend to the fact that in a recent issue of our esteemed contemporary, the "Youth's Companion" appeared an advertisement that they had gone into the business of *selling cheap guns*.

Probably the publisher and managing editor were quite as much astonished as we were—the fact being that as in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, some one had blundered.

We should about as soon expect to find Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale and our Bishops and Archbishop in the gun business, as our esteemed contemporary.

MOUNT DESERT, BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

The Mt. Desert Society P. C. A. put up this year, in various places, placards with a picture of the horse of Atri ringing the bell of justice, and among other good things the following:

"An appeal is made to summer visitors, as well as others, to aid the objects of the society.

"They are earnestly requested not to ride behind any horse that is lame or otherwise unfit for service, or in any conveyance overloaded.

"It is hoped they will in every way use their influence to induce drivers to treat their horses gently and encourage kindness to animals and the protection of birds.

"Persons who see acts of cruelty are requested to get the names of drivers and witnesses, and all communications are considered confidential," etc.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

IN the far-away Eastern countries,
Where the mountains, grim and grand,
Tower sky-ward like stern old sentinels—
Guards to a better land—

The craggy slopes are dotted
With many a feeding flock,
And here and there are the sheep-folds,
Built on the solid rock.

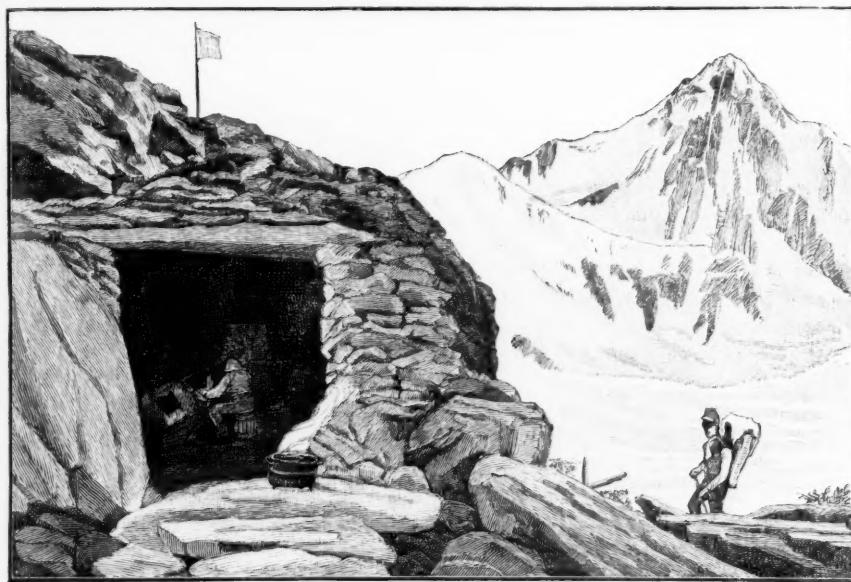
As we stand on the heights at evening,
To gaze on the slopes below,
The sheep look like fair white lilies,—
Like lilies, white as snow,

Set in a bank of emerald,—
And upborne on the evening air,
There comes a low, soft tinkling,
Like the vesper call to prayer.

As we gaze on these lowly shepherds,
It gladdens our hearts to see
That the weary and faint and weak ones
Are borne so tenderly;

That the young lambs are laid on their bosoms;
And we think, as our eyes grow dim—
If the lambs are so dear to these shepherds,
How much dearer are we to Him!

—*Youth's Instructor.*



HOTEL DES NEUCHATELOIS, NEAR THE GLACIER OF AAR.—AGASSIZ AT WORK.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

A beautiful story is told of a Sister of Charity, who was returning to Boston from New York, on a Sound steamer, recently. As tea-time was about to be announced, a colored waiter approached her and suggested that perhaps it would be pleasanter for her to go to the table before the general rush of the passengers. She assented and took her place at the table for a very simple tea. The waiter left her without waiting for an order, and was gone so long that the sister wondered what had become of him. At last he appeared with a large tray loaded with all the luxuries of the season and set it down before her. Of course the modest sister was quite taken aback, and said to the waiter: "You have made a mistake; that is not for me." "Oh, yes, sister," said he, "it is for you." "But I did not order such a supper as that; it certainly must have been ordered for some one else, and you have brought it to me by mistake." "No, sister, there is no mistake; it was ordered for you." Convinced at last, the sister ate all she wanted. Before she could leave the table, the waiter appeared with a second course of sweets, ices, fruits, etc. "My dear man," said the sister, "that is too much. Who has ordered all those things for me?" "There is the gentleman who gave the order," said the darkey. "Then go and express my grateful thanks to him, and ask him for the pleasure of his name." The darkey conveyed the message to the gentleman, and returned with this reply: "Tell the sister that my name is of no consequence. I am a stranger, and may never see her again; but say that I am always happy to avail myself of every favorable opportunity of testifying my profound respect for the Sisters of Charity, whom I first learned to venerate and love in our late war." — *Boston Herald.*

We like to read such stories. They make everybody who reads them better. What a vast amount of happiness some millionaire might get to himself in this world—saying nothing about the next—if he would de-

vote his life and substance to making the world happier—and how by ten thousand kind acts like the above, he might win the gratitude and love of his fellow countrymen, and give a recorded example of infinite value to future generations. — [EDITOR.]

JESSE POMEROY.

Last week, Jesse Pomeroy, the human fiend who tortured and murdered children, made another attempt to escape from the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. This is his second attempt to escape, the first being made about nine years ago, when he bored through the wall of his cell, and had almost succeeded when discovered. This time he had cut the iron bars of his cell with a very fine saw, and also the bars of the corridor leading to the yard. The cuts were covered with gelatine, which held the pieces together. A guard leaned against the outer bars on the night of Friday, and they fell to the ground. Instinctively the officers rushed to Pomeroy's cell, and found that his work there also had been thoroughly done. This monster has become a learned man in prison. "So successful has he been in this line," says a writer who recently visited him, "that already he has mastered the dead languages, and can converse with some fluency in French and German."

If the reading and writing test of morality is good for anything, why not apply it to Jesse Pomeroy. Has book learning wiped out his fiendishness? — *Boston Pilot.*

Nothing in this world can be more true than that education of the head without the heart simply increases the power of crime; and the great danger of this country to-day is from a want of education of the heart. — [EDITOR.]

"POVERTY is uncomfortable as I can testify; but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man, is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim." — *President Garfield.*

WOMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR WAR.

Ruskin says, "I for one would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into ploughshares, and that this cannot be the fault of woman. I tell you that at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you can do it. You know that every battle you hear of has made widows and orphans. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for his killed creatures. Your praying is useless and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience enough in you for this. Let every lady in the upper class of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black — a mute black — with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness. *I tell you no war would last a week.*"

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

A lady at Beverly has been perilously near losing her life while riding, because her high-spirited horse, driven almost frantic by the flies which his docked and mutilated tail could not dislodge, became for a few moments practically uncontrollable. *No person who has one atom of appreciation for fine horses or one spark of sympathy for their sufferings, can see the cruel work which has been perpetuated upon the "stock" of fashionable North Shore people without a shudder of disgust and a glow of just rage.* The long named society has done well in getting the law which prohibits such mutilation and in obtaining some convictions, with heavy fines. What is now wanted is another law making it a punishable offence to own or to be found in possession of such an animal; this would quickly stop the secret operations, which would be useless if their results were unsaleable. — *The Beacon.*

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to disserve.
And in whatsoe'er we do,
Won by truth's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true.

For Our Dumb Animals.]

HOW THEY TOOK CARE OF THE BOY.

BOSTON, Aug. 30, 1887.

Dear Sir:

Gussie and Spot are two Newfoundland dogs, who have for the last year or two been excellent company to each other and to Georgie Stimson, a Waltham street boy, who is *old enough to wear dresses and young enough to get lost.* He was enticed away late one afternoon, recently, by an older boy, to a part of the city quite distant, and there left by his guide and told to find his way home. Georgie began crying. But Gussie and Spot had followed the boys, and Gussie, whose owner is Mr. H. N. Cox, took hold of Georgie's clothing with his teeth and led the lost boy back, through the darkness and a rain storm, to his parents who were in great distress. Georgie said, between his tears, "Mamma, I'd been lost if Gussie hadn't shown me the way."

Use this incident in any way you choose.

E. P.

NO DOGS ALLOWED ON THE CARS.

It happened the other day on the Lehigh Valley railroad. The train had just left Easton, and the conductor was making his first round, when he observed a small white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes sitting cosily on the seat beside a young lady so handsome that it made his heart roll over. But duty was duty, and he remarked in his most deprecatory manner:

"I'm very sorry, but it's against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars."

"Oh, my! is that so?" and she turned up two lovely brown eyes at him beseechingly. "What in the world will I do?"

"We'll put him in a baggage car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring."

"What! put my nice white dog in a dirty baggage car?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss, but the rules of this company are inflexible."

"I think it's awful mean, and I know somebody will steal it," and she showed a half notion to cry that nearly broke the conductor's heart; but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman:

"Here, Andy; take this dog over into the baggage car, and tell 'em to take the best kind of care of him."

The young lady pouted, but the brakeman reached over and picked the canine up as tenderly as though it was a two-weeks-old baby, but as he did so a strange expression came over his face, and he said hastily to the conductor:

"Here, you just hold him a minute," and he trotted out at the car door and held on to the brakewheel.

The conductor no sooner had his hands on the dog than he looked around for a hole to fall through.

"Wh-wh-why, this is a worsted dog?"

"Yes, sir," said the miss demurely. "Didn't you know that?"

He laid the dog down on the owner's lap, and walked out on the platform, where he stood half an hour in the cold, trying to think of a hymntune to suit the worst sold man on the Lehigh Valley road.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A TRUE STORY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The following is sent us by the Master of one of our Boston schools, who vouches for its truth:

Many years ago, a man and his wife lived alone, away up in the Pinkham Notch, in the White Mountains, not far from the place where the Glen House is now situated.

That part of the country was then new. These young people lived alone in the woods. It was twelve miles to Jackson, where was the former home of the young woman—where her father still lived.

They occasionally visited at the old home, taking with them their dog, a remarkably sagacious animal, of which they were very fond.

On a winter day, when the snow lay deep through all the mountains, the lady became suddenly and seriously ill, so much so that a physician must be called or she could not live.

The case was desperate. What could the poor man do? Stay with his wife and see her die, or leave her alone and go twelve miles down the mountain to return and find her still alive, past all help?

The noble dog lay quietly on the mat before the fire. He was their only hope.

Quickly a brief letter was written, securely tied to his neck, and he was sent for help. He trotted swiftly down the logging path to Jackson, scratched at the familiar door. The letter was read. The doctor came, and the lady's life was saved.

We are sometimes asked, do you think an animal's life is more valuable than a man's? We answer, *that depends upon the man and the animal.*

Personally, we think the above described dog's life quite as valuable as the lives of the parties who, as related in another column, drove six valuable horses from the Glen House to the top of Mount Washington in a trifle over an hour, to be able to say that they had made the fastest time ever made, and so set an example for heartless fools to follow.—[EDITOR.]

A TRUE HORSE STORY.

On Madison street one day I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune, for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering most excruciating torture. *His head had been checked inhumanely high*, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy, when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, produced a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she explained, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. I never knew a horse to be so fond of sugar. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him."

"Then why do you torture him?"

"Torture my Prince?"

"Yes, that is just what you are doing. Do you know that the poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was not aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to unloosen his check?" she asked.

When the strap was unsnapped, the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened the cramps out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had actually been released from bondage, and then looked round with *such a grateful, delighted expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.* —*Chicago Herald.*

KILLING HIS FIRST MAN.

The killing of a brother-man, even in battle, is a painful thing to remember. A soldier of the late war thus vividly describes his first experience:

My first man I saw but twenty seconds, but I shall remember him forever. I was standing by my gun, when a Confederate infantry soldier rushed up, and made a lunge with his bayonet at one of the horses.

I whipped out my revolver, and took him through the breast. He tossed up his arms, gave me the strangest look in the world, and fell forward upon his face. He had blue eyes, brown curling hair, a dark mustache, and a handsome face.

I thought, the instant I fired, that I should have loved that man if I had known him. *It tell you this war is terrible business.*

Youth's Companion.

THE REV. FATHER CLEARY.

In an address delivered at Philadelphia, the Rev. Father Cleary, of Wisconsin, president of the *Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America*, spoke as follows:

Now the statement I am about to make will be new to a great many in this large audience. I come from the State of Wisconsin. I live in the suburbs of the great city of Milwaukee, where the best lager beer is brewed that is brewed in America. They tell us that this lager beer is especially good for a man's health, *that it conduces to longevity*, and is a health-giving and inspiriting liquid. Now, the Northwestern Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, that was established in the city of Milwaukee about thirty years ago, all of whose directors are, I think, wealthy men in the city of Milwaukee and in the State of Wisconsin,—*having lived neighbors to this lager beer business*, they have watched its growth and its influence on the consumers; and what conclusion has the Northwestern Life Insurance of Milwaukee come to? Knowing all about the healthfulness of lager beer, it has come to the conclusion that *for the protection of its own business, it can no longer grant a life insurance policy to a lager beer brewer, to his clerk, to his book-keeper, or to any man employed in a lager beer brewery. Why? Because they say our statistics show that our business has been injured by the shortened lives of men who drink lager beer.* In my opinion there is no stronger argument than this against indulging in lager beer or any alcoholic stimulant. *If the life insurance companies, familiar with this subject, have come to this conclusion, what must not sensible men conclude who have regard for strength and length of days?*

THIS MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE.

Much serious harm is done by wearing sum mer clothing late into the autumn. It is an error to suppose that if thick clothing is worn in November, that much thicker must be worn in January. What will keep us comfortably warm in the damp chilliness of November, will answer perfectly well in the dry, clear cold of winter.

If the weather varies, make changes of outside garments.

When one has lost the sentiment of pity out of his heart, he is not fit to live in such a world as this. He might do for some other one where there is no sin or suffering, *if there be such a one*, but here our compassions must be in constant exercise if we are to live to any good purpose.

"OLD SAM."

In the city of Coldwater, Mich., there is a large sorrel horse, known by the name of "Old Sam." He is the most popular horse in town. In his younger days he was used as an omnibus horse, and he and his mate, a large bay, were so well trained that they would turn up to the principal hotel, and back the omnibus up to the sidewalk to let the passengers out, without being guided at all by the driver.

One stormy night the train was late; and while waiting at the station for passengers the driver fell asleep. "Old Sam" and his companion, after standing about as long as usual, started up town on their own account, backed up at the hotel in the usual way, and then went over to the livery stable where they were kept.

When the war broke out, the citizens of Coldwater equipped the "Loomis Battery" with some of the finest horses that went into the army, and among them was "Old Sam." He was in a great many battles, but came out un-hurt; and, at the close of the war, the soldiers bought him of the government, and presented him to General Loomis, who first commanded the battery.

On the return of "Old Sam" to Coldwater, some of the people thought they would give him a reception. So they made ready his old stall, filling the rack with hay and the manger with oats; then they met him at the railroad station, and after greeting him with three cheers turned him loose, and watched to see what he would do.

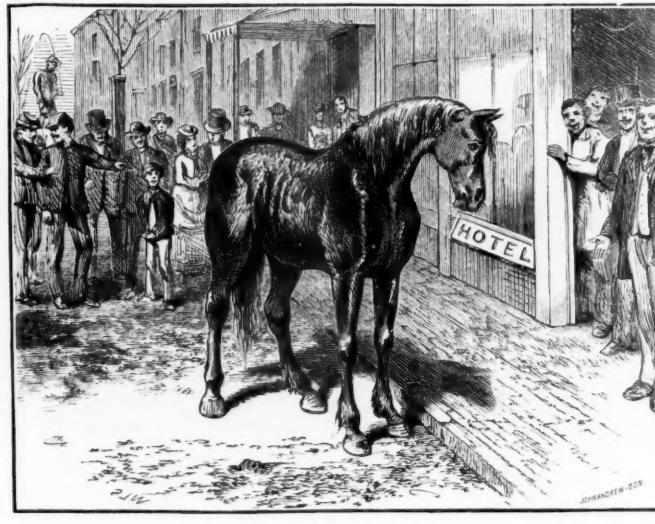
First he went to the hotel, where he used to stop for passengers, and looked around a little. Then he went over to his old home, walked into his stall, smelt of the hay and oats, and gave a loud neigh, as if to express his satisfaction that everything was right, and then began eating, as if he had been away only a few days instead of years.

H. A.

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so, the entire company will pass over him, and he will not be injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking down, and not by his stepping on them. — *Golden Days.*

THE church that has the most of the *life* of Christ will accomplish the most for men. It brings to this truth-seeking and law-investigating age, the personality it needs. And it will at last possess the truest theology; for now and evermore it is the *life* that is the light of men.— *C. C. Everett.*

WHO aims at excellence will be above mediocrity, who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.



"OLD SAM."

HEROISM.

In presence of all the French troops guarding the capital of Tongquin the Governor General recently bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Mother Mary Teresa, Superior of the Sisters of Charity in that empire. The troops were drawn up in the little plaza of the city in a square surrounding a platform on which were the Governor General and his staff.

The General, in a solemn and impressive tone, addressed her as follows:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field of Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front rank on the battlefield of Magenta. Since then, you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself.

In 1870, you were taken up in Reischoffen covered with many sabre wounds. Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge — you took up the grenade in your arms, you smiled upon the wounded who looked at you with feelings of dismay, you carried it a distance of eighty metres. On laying it down you noticed that it was going to burst; you threw yourself on the ground; it burst; you were seen covered with blood, but when persons came to your assistance, you rose up smiling, as is your wont. You were scarcely recovered from your wound, when you return to the hospital whence I have now summoned you."

Then the General made her kneel down, and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit, saying with a quivering voice:

"I put upon you the cross of the brave, in the name of the French people and army; no one has gained it by more deeds of heroism, nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers! present arms!"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement

as Mother Mary Teresa rose, her face suffused with blushes, and asked:

"General, are you done?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then I will go back to the hospital!" — *Catholic Youth.*

MR. R. B. FORBES, OF MILTON,

kindly sends us the following, cut from the *English Nautical Magazine*:

In the *Western Mail* I read that, on December 29, last, the steamship *Muley Hassan* was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, when Captain Thomson went on deck with his retriever, Nellie. The sagacious animal at once ran to the rail of the vessel, raised herself on her fore paws on the rail, and commenced to whine. The captain looked, but could see nothing.

ing. The dog, however, got more and more restless, and finally jumped overboard, and swam astern. The engines were stopped, and a boat lowered, when the dog was discovered, firmly holding the collar of the coat of a drowning man, who was lying across two oars. It was afterwards ascertained that he was the only survivor from a Spanish revenue felucca, which had been upset in a squall, and that he had been in the water four hours when rescued. It would have been impossible for him to have survived much longer. *Both man and dog were in a very exhausted condition when taken on board the Muley Hassan.* The above incident has formed the subject of a presentation to Captain Thomson of a silver medal and diploma, for his gallantry and heroism in saving the life of the poor Spaniard. Without in the least wishing to depreciate Captain Thomson's efforts or deserts, we must say that Nellie most certainly deserves to have some sort of honor conferred upon her, and that she certainly ought to be ranked among the historical dogs who have earned name and fame for heroic deeds. Nellie certainly has a strong claim to the silver medal in this instance.

HONESTY IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Had Abraham Lincoln lived in Norway or Sweden, probably he would never have been known to the world as "Honest Abe," because there honesty is so common as to attract no attention. Travellers tell us that at the railway restaurants passengers help themselves to whatever they wish, and then report what they have eaten and pay for the same without any questions being asked. A person's word is always taken, and he is never watched. On the steam-boats, after each meal, a traveller writes down in a large book what he has eaten. When ready to go ashore, he calls a waitress, who affixes a price to each item, adds up the amount, receives the money, and puts it in her pocket. When filled, she gives the money, without counting, to the stewardess. Instead of making them careless, they are more scrupulously honest than any other nation in the world.

WHERE'S the impropriety in calling a Boston boy a Hub-bub?

THE PITY OF IT!

"No. 25!"
 "Bring in No. 25!"
 "The court is waiting for No. 25!"
 There was a little hanging back on the part of the usually prompt official, but in a moment more a tall, fine-looking woman was brought in, and awaited the usual questioning.

There was something so piteously desperate in the prisoner's appearance, and her great, hunted eyes had such a look of anguish, that the judge, accustomed to all the sad sights and sounds, hesitated before asking with unwonted gentleness:

"What is your name, my woman, and where were you born?"

"My name is Aileen Byrne, yer honor, an' I were born in Aberdeen, off the Scottish coast land."

"And you are charged with striking a man."

"I am, yer honor."

"And you meant to?"

"I did, indeed, yer honor. *He's kill me, yer honor.*"

The woman spoke with a low, impassioned wail which caused respectful attention.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He stabbed me to the heart, yer honor."

"Stabbed you! Suppose you tell me about it."

"I will. Ye might no ken wha' it is, yer honor, to hev one bonnie laddie, an' none else. I lef' the guide father o' my lad a-sleepin' in the kirkyard when I brought my wee sonnie to this land. For many a year I toiled in sun and shade for me winsome Robbie. He grew so fine an' tall that soon he were ta'en to a gentleman's store to help. *Then this mon McGinnis set his evil eye on the lad.* I was forced to pass his den on me way to and fra' the bread store, *an' he minded' t was messel' hated the uncanny look' o' the place.* An' one morn, as I passed by, he said I need n't be so grand about me b'y; he were no above ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest. I begged me chilt for the love of God to let the stoof alone. Me Robbie promised to bide me wishes; but the mon McGinnis watchet o' the nights when't were cauld an' stormin', an' gave the lad many a cup o' his dreadful dhrinks, to warm him, he would say. I got on me knees to me chilt an' prayed him to pass the place no more, but to gang hame by some other road. Then I went messel' to the man, *an' fraps ye ken, yer honor, how a mither wud beg an' pray for the bone o' her bone an' flesh o' her flesh; but he laughed in me face.* Last night, yer honor, the noise at me door frightened me; I runned wi' all me might to see wha' were the trouble, an' Robbie swayed into the room an' fell at me feet — *he were drunk, yer honor!* Then McGinnis poket his face in at me door, an' asket, *'Wha' think ye now, Mistress Byrne?'* Did I mean to strike the mon, yer honor? An' I could. I'd a struck the breath fra' his body! Ye'd better keep me wi' lock an' key till me gloom dies out; but O, jedge, jedge, *I wish messel' an' me lad were in the kirkyard aside the guide father!*

"They tell me if I could prove the mon sold liquor to the bairn under age, the law could stop him. I tell ye, jedge, there's naught but God's vengeance can stop his ilk. *It's well enough to a'rest the mither as strikes the mon as ruins her chilt, but wait ye till the Lord Almighty strikes — aye — wait ye for that!*"

As the threatening voice stilled, the woman was pronounced discharged, and after his re-appearance in court McGinnis was lodged in the county jail on charge of having wilfully sold or given intoxicating drink to a minor. His comrades declared the evidence on which he was convicted to have been *legally slight and uncertain*: but the clerk of the court was heard to remark that he believed from his soul the judge *dare not wait for the Lord Almighty*. — *The Methodist Advance.*

THE dance for drunkards — The reel.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

FIDO.

Just two doors from my cottage there lives a darling dog,

With brown hair, short and curling, and round as any log,

For Fido likes good living, likes meat with pie and cake,

Of everything that's dainty he gladly will partake.

From out a deep bay window he looks upon the street,

And when familiar faces his honest eyes can greet,

He barks a dog-like welcome that's noisy, true and kind,

Then brings them rags or slippers, or first thing he can find.

One day I said, "Dear Fido, my darling good old boy,

Bring something of more value to testify your joy,

For then I may grow wealthy, and living at my ease,

I'll take both you and kitty and we'll do as we please."

The next time I came homeward dear Fido followed me,

His feet and eyes seemed dancing with merry, knowing glee,

And, when he reached my doorway, he placed upon my floor

A large silk spool "of value," fresh from the city store.

Then in my face up-glancing, his brown eyes seemed to say:

"How do you like the present I've brought for you to-day?"

I thanked him, but I wondered as Fido kissed my hand.

How much of human language a dog could understand.

One day I placed some dainties within a china cup,

And then invited Fido to come with me to sup;

He did, then took politely the cup with sober grace,

And round the house he trotted, and *put it in its place.*

Dear Fido, live and flourish, and if like you, we're kind,

As faithful, true and gentle, we all will surely find

Our loving deeds will banish the clouds of sin and hate,

Until, with smiling faces, we pass the Golden Gate.

C. FANNIE ALYN.

Stoneham, Mass.

GOOD ANSWER.

Before Willie K——'s cousin Bertha arrived at his home on a summer visit, his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at the table. When she came, Willie observed her with admiring interest. One day his mother said:

"Don't you think Bertha's manners are better than yours?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Why is it, my dear?"

"I guess Bertha has been better brought up than I have!" — *Troy Times.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE BIRD'S SORROW.

Beneath you oak's expanded shade
 That stands the foliage trees among,
 A harmless bird her nest had made,
 And cheered the hamlet with her song;
 And when the peasant turns his steers
 To graze on yonder mead awhile
 Her serenade his bosom cheers,
 And mingles pleasure with his toil.

A luckless ploughboy chanced one day
 To spy the robin's studious care
 In bringing grass and moistened clay
 To build her habitation there;
 For well the little songster deemed
 She safely there might rear her young,
 The oak the fittest umbrage seemed
 Of any tree the woods among.

The stronger on the weaker prey,
 Such evil spirit moved the boy,
 He stole her callow brood away,
 And robbed her of her only joy;
 The livelong day the robin mourned,
 Searched high and low but sought in vain,
 Off to the riled bough returned,
 But never found her home again.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE PHEBE.

BY LUCY LEDYARD.

And will not truant Phebe hear,
 And come thy lonely nest to cheer,
 That thou dost call her o'er and o'er,
 In spite of disappointment sore,
 Thou patient walter upon fate?
 Thou gentle minister of song,
 That pleadest all the bright day long,
 As trustingly as e'er before,
 Although on what far distant shore
 She lingers thus, thou knowest not;
 To-day, as yesterday, thou'lt sing,
 Still hoping that the night will bring
 Thy mate again. "Oh, Phebe! sweet!"
 My Phebe! Phebe! haste to greet,
 At dewy morn or starry eve,
 Thy waiting love, though late, so late!"
 And so we all do wait and wait
 Like thee, dear, wistful Phebe-bird,
 Heart sick with hope so long deferred,
 Without thy patience, tiny saint —;
 And yet thy sweet pathetic song
 Hath stirred my heart to faith more strong,
 That *Life's* to-morrow soon will bring
 Surcease of sorrow on its wing;
 Our loved and lost ones found again.

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"WHAT ails papa, mother," said a sweet little girl,
 Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl.
 "I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
 But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me."

"But mamma," — her eyes opened wide as she spoke,

"Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke?
 They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls
 I don't think them nice," and she tossed her bright curls.

"Does nobody's papa have mouth nice and clean?

With kisses like yours, mamma, — that's what I mean.

I want to kiss papa. I love him so well,
 But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit,
 And the kisses aren't good and aren't sweet not a bit!"

And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,
 As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.

ROUGH AND THE ROBIN.

Our dog Rough was not handsome but he was good. He grew quite fond of a little robin that used to come to sip water out of his basin. The robin would perch on the edge and sing a sweet song, and Rough would be so glad to hear it, that he would show his joy by rattling his chain, or by leaping up and trying to play.

He used to be chained to his kennel near the barn-yard, so that he might bark if a thief came near. It was hard to keep so good a dog chained.

Rough did not like to be chained. He liked to go off with the men in the fields and woods, and by the side of the lake where he could swim.

But when he was chained he was not sad if little robin would only come and sing.

Little robin after a while grew so bold that he would sometimes perch on Rough's head.

We thought it odd that a big dog like Rough should be so fond of a little robin.

C. F. D.

THE NOTE OF THE BELL BIRD.

A remarkable bird is among the latest additions to the Zoological Society's gardens. It is the campanero, or "bell bird" of the Brazils, a member of a very strange family of fowls, and itself one of the strangest of all. The campanero itself is that half-mystical bell ringer of the deep American forests whose tolling, clear, sonorous and musical, has filled travellers with wonder and delighted awe. Out from the leafy depths, the home of the jaguar and the boar, comes to the ear that rhythmical chime, rung by no human hands, and yet recalling to the exile the familiar voices of belfry and of campanile in far-away Europe. One of the sweetest singers of our modern day has made it—this heart-reaching, sacred-throated bird—the subject of an exquisite poem, where the Englishman out in the bush, in the masterless wild country, listening to the sound, remembers home. Nor does the romantic Indian fail to take an untutored pleasure in the voice, and beautiful legends have clustered round it like orchids round the boughs among which the bell bird sits to toll. It is about the size of a jay, with a plumage as white as snow, and rising out of the beak a queer horn-like tube that looks like a mouldy twig. Selecting by preference the topmost branch of some great dead giant of the wood, the campanero morning and evening rings in the day, and rings it out. The note is loud and clear, and can be heard three miles off. "No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest causes," says Waterton in his "Ramblings," "such astonishment as the toll of the bird which the Indians call the 'dara,' and we the bell bird." When the deadening heat of noon has hushed the country, this bird alone has heart to cheer the solitude, and "so sweet, so novel and so romantic is the tolling of the pretty snow-white campanero, that Orpheus himself might drop his lute to listen."

The great duty of life is not to give pain.
—FREDERIKA BREMER.



ROUGH AND THE ROBIN.

ALMOST HUMAN.

We take the following from the "Massachusetts Ploughman":

Farmer William H. Ellis, of Bloomingburg, N.Y., owns a little white mare called Whitefoot. Every school-day morning Whitefoot hauls Mr. Ellis's two little girls in a wagon to the schoolhouse, a mile from home, and after leaving the children there, the little mare turns round and trots back to her master's house without any driver. When the school-closing hour approaches, Mr. Ellis hitches Whitefoot up and starts her off alone for the school-house, and in due time she comes back with the little girls. She is so careful and expert in passing vehicles on the road that she never has a collision or damages her harness.

On Sunday night last Mr. Ellis's hired man drove Whitefoot over to Middleton on his way to New York. Before embarking on the cars here he tacked a piece of paper on the wagon seat containing this notice: "Don't stop this mare. She belongs to William H. Ellis, Bloomingburg, and will go home all right," and then turning the mare's head homeward he let her go. Sure enough, she covered the distance, a long nine miles, in safety, and at a pace that brought her home in about an hour.

A YOUNG ASTRONOMER.—A little four-year-old was much impressed by her first out-of-doors in the starlight. On her return home she skipped joyfully up to her mother and said: "Oh, mamma! I've seen the moon and all her little children."—*Harper's Magazine.*

ADVICE should be like a gentle fall of snow, and not like a driving storm of hail. It should descend softly, and not be uttered hastily.

DRESS SHOWS CHARACTER.

If we see an Indian with a string of scalps at his girdle we infer a savage. So if in the light of all that has been said by the press of this country on the sin and wrong of destroying God's beautiful birds we find a woman in church with a bonnet bearing the bodies or plumage of dead birds, we know that intelligent Christian women will regard it as evidence of *gross ignorance or want of heart, and as unbecoming to a place of worship as for the clergyman to carry a shot gun into his pulpit.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

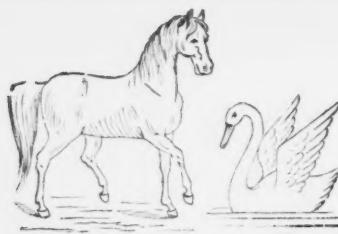
(From "Philadelphia Band of Mercy.")

For some time past the drivers and conductors on the Citizens' Railway Company have been greatly annoyed by some unknown whistler on Tenth Street, between Pine and Lombard. One of the oldest conductors had a rather amusing experience in that vicinity. On Thursday evening, just before the car reached Lombard Street, the conductor was startled by a loud, shrill whistle, like that usually employed by a belated passenger. He quickly pulled the bell and stopped the car. The car stood still for fully a half-minute, and the conductor strained his eyes for the sight of a passenger, but none appeared.

The car started off and had gone about half a square, when it was stopped by another whistle louder than the first. Still the unknown passenger failed to appear. On the next trip the driver met with a similar experience, and on comparing notes with the other drivers in the depot, found that they had been duped in the same way.

The next day they resolved to watch carefully, and ascertain the culprit. A crowd of boys stood on the corner of Tenth and Pine streets, and suspicion pointed to them. At all events, the driver and conductor of the first car to pass the square went down with blood in their eyes and vengeance in their hearts. As the car passed Pine street the familiar whistle was heard. The car was stopped, and the conductor rushed off the platform and dashed around the corner of Pine Street, expecting to lay his hands on the offender. To his great surprise, no one was in sight. He was walking back to the waiting car in a rather crestfallen manner when his attention was attracted by a low, malicious laugh. "Ha! ha! ha!" it sounded. Looking up, the angry man saw a large parrot in a brass cage, laughing just as loud as it was possible for a parrot to laugh. Though they tried to conceal the discovery, it leaked out to the great delight of the other employees of the road.

REV. Father Thomas Scully, the Catholic priest in Cambridge, Mass., in a sermon, commended the women who stood at the different polling-places to distribute the "No license" ballots. He said the only regret he felt was that Irish-women were not also there, as they had suffered the most in having the earnings of their husbands squandered for rum.



NO CHECK-REIN.



COMFORT AND DISCOMFORT.



TORTURE.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER'S CAT.

An engineer on the Wabash Railway, whose run is between Danville and Springfield, has a cat which he would not part with for love nor money. It belonged to his wife, who is now dead, and for a year past it has been his constant companion in the cab. The cat loves its life on the rail, and has grown sleek and fat sniffing the prairie winds. Ordinarily it sits perched up in the cab window before its master, but occasionally it strolls out to the pilot, where it will ride for hours at a stretch, winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the crossroads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sand box and calmly roosts there, undeterred by the shriek of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The engine has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look upon it as a mascot against disaster.

A YOUNG man who held a loaded pistol to his head, and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady that he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl.

"No, but grandmother did," was the reply.

PEOPLE who want to know whether it is pronounced "neether" or "nyther" will find, if they investigate, that it is either. — *Somerville Journal*.

LITTLE Bessie says to the new minister: "Ma says for you to come over to tea this evening; then that'll be done."

THE champion light weight — a coal dealer.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Cases Reported at Office in August.

For beating, 33; over-working and over-loading, 12; over-driving, 9; driving when lame or galled, 56; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 5; abandoning, 1; torturing, 8; driving when diseased, 3; cruelty transporting, 3; general cruelty, 63.

Total, 183.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecu-
tion, 62; warnings issued, 66; not found, 6; not substan-
tiated, 36; anonymous, 9; prosecuted 14; convicted, 9.

Animals taken from work, 32; horses and other animals killed, 66.

Receipts by the Society in August.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts, — Williamstown, \$50; W. Brook-
field, \$20.

District Courts, — Amherst, \$5; Northampton, \$5; Quincy, \$20; Malden (2 cases), \$13; Arlington, \$5; Concord (2 cases), \$11; Hingham, \$10; N. Adams, \$10; Woburn, \$25.

Police Court, — Lawrence, \$5;

Municipal Court, — East Boston District, \$10; Roxbury District, \$25.

Witness' Fees, \$8.85.

Total, \$222.85.

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Miss Helen Porter, \$10; Messrs. Rice, Kendall & Co., \$5; Edw. R. Tyler, \$5; James H. Newton, \$5; Henry R. Turner, \$1; Catharine Wilde, \$1.

Total, \$27.00.

MISSIONARY FUND.

Charles F. Folsom, M.D., \$5; Miss Helen M. Mason, \$1; Three friends, \$15.

Total, \$21.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Humane Society, Nebraska, \$12.00; Robert Davis, \$4; Miss Anna P. Stevenson, \$4; Delaware S. P. C. A., \$2.25; Mrs. A. G. Cochrane, \$2; Lincoln Public Library, \$1.50; Arthur W. Dow, \$1.50; Mrs. L. L. Lewis, \$1.25; Sub's Agencies, 80 cents.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss H. M. Bean, Levi Knowles, Ramabai, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson, Miss E. Emerson, Miss M. S. Wheeler, Mrs. A. L. Davison, Miss E. Valentine, Agnes Morley.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Miss P. W. Johnson, Mrs. J. Albert Robinson, M. L. Parsons, Rev. F. H. Rowley, R. O. Watkins, Mrs. Stella P. Wilson, Mrs. H. H. Smith, Mrs. E. M. Kingsbury, Miss Jane Rowley, Aurelia G. Mace.

Total, \$43.90.

PUBLICATIONS SOLD.

C. R. Eastburn, \$10; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$5. All others in sums of less than \$5 each, \$30.29. Total, \$45.29.

Interest, \$250.43. By Treasurer, Miss Juliet Porter, \$100. Total, \$710.47.

Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animal's Friend. Geneva, Switzerland.

Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.

German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.

Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal, Cologne, Germany.

Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

Calcutta, India. Report of the Calcutta S. P. C. A. for 1886.

Dublin, Ireland. Report of the Dublin S. P. C. A. for 1886.

Havre, France. Second Bulletin of the Havre S. P. A., for 1884-1887.

PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at the annexed cost prices, free of postage:

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell.

Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; One hundred, 25 cents, post paid. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by George T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or \$2.00 per 100

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Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "

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Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell, .50 "

The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell, .80 "

Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "

How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "

Selections from Longfellow, 1.00 "

Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy, .45 "

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Band of Mercy History, by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "

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Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.

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